

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME IX.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY, KY., MARCH 15, 1887.

NUMBER 21

CHAS. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY
MEACHAM & WILGUS,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in ad-
vance, \$3.00
One copy, six months, \$1.50
No subscription taken on time and all papers
stopped when out.
One copy free to any one sending us five
early cash subscribers.

ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of
purity, strength and wholesomeness. More
economical than the ordinary kind, and con-
sistent in quality. Sold in 4 lb. tins. ROYAL BAK-
ING POWDER CO., 100 Wall St. N. Y.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Dr. A. Young, M. D., Jno. A. Gunn, M. D.
Drs. Young & Gunn,
HOMOEOPATHISTS
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Office Cor. 9th and Main.

A. P. Campbell,
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
OPERATING A SPECIALTY.
Office over M. Frankel & Son's.

R. R. Bourne,
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
Office over Bank of Hop-
kinsville, Cor. 8th and Main Sts.

Dr. I. N. Vaughan,
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
OFFICE—South Main St., One Square
From Phoenix Hotel, Near
Dr. Hill's Office.

Dr. G. E. Medley
DENTIST,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
Office over Kelly's Jewelry Store, No. 8-1-2
NORTH MAIN STREET.

W. M. FUGUA, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
HOPKINSVILLE, - KENTUCKY.
Office on Court St. Residence on Main.

T. R. BELLAMY,
Job Brick Layer
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
MANTEL AND GRATE SETTING
A SPECIALTY.
Residence North Main Street.

BETHEL
Female College.
A Boarding School for Young Ladies.
The spring session will open on Monday,
Jan. 15th, 1887, and continue 24 weeks. Right
scholarships. Terms as heretofore. For catalogue
or information apply to
J. W. RUST,
Hopkinsville.

Andrew Hall,
DEALER IN
Granite and Marble
MONUMENTS
AND LIME.
COR. VIRGINIA AND EIGHT
STREETS,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Nov.-1-17.

New Barber Shop!
YOUNG & BANKS, PROPS.
E. NINTH ST. NEAR MAIN.
SHAVING, SHAMPOONING,
HAIR-CUTTING
All done in the latest fashion and with
Guaranteed. Nothing but clean towels
used.
Persons Wanting Good and Reliable
FIRE, STORM or ACCIDENT INSURANCE
On easy and liberal terms, will do
well to call on
AUSTIN D. HICKS
INSURANCE AGENT.
Office over Bank of Hopkinsville, KY.

Look over your supply of job
printing and see if you are not short
of something, if so, bring your order
around and get job that you will be
proud of.

Adventures of Tad;

HAPS AND MISHPAS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PETER ADAMS," "HOWS OUT
TO SEA," "PAUL GRAYSON," ETC.

[Copyrighted, 1886, by D. Lothrop & Co., and
Published by Special Arrangement.]

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Captain
Flagg, pointing his top, so to speak,
by leaning the end of one stumpy fore-
finger with the tip of the other, and
speaking with intense though quiet en-
joyment, "he put it like this: 'James
W. Dunn, my client,' he says, 'claims
pay at the rate of five pound a day for
the use of his wheel, during' eighteen-
months voyage. 'It's his wheel, isn't
it?' he had to pay for it, and there's the
name on the rim. The ship's had the
use of it all this while, and a ship can't
get along without a wheel, no better'n
without a compass," says the lawyer,
"and you can settle it right now, or
else we'll take it up to the admiral's
court."

"Wasn't he smart and did the owners
have to pay it?" exclaimed and
questioned Polly in the same breath.
Captain Flagg nodded an affirmative.
"And so the sailor got a big lot of
money," put in Tad, as an interroga-
tive.

"He got what the lawyer left, most
likely," returned Captain Flagg, rather
dryly—which slight reflection against
the legal professions was, fortunately,
not understood by his hearers.

The sun disappeared behind the ocean
rim, and after supper the side-lights
were put out, and Tad's adventures
of a lookout for now the
"Mary J." was heated right out to-
ward the open sea, which looked ter-
ribly dark and cold to Tad's astonished
eyes, particularly as there was no such
thing as a sign of land anywhere to be
seen, excepting the low sandy cape
shores astern, which were fast disap-
pearing in the distance and increasing
darkness.

Before sending the youthful mariner
for'ard, Captain Flagg called him be-
low, and gravely commanded him to
put on some well-worn under-
garments, several sizes too large, which, however,
Tad found very comfortable, a pea-
jacket, within whose capacious folds
three or four boys of Tad's dimensions
could have been buttoned, and a large
fur cap, which, only for resting on the
rims of his ears, would have com-
pletely extinguished him.

"You don't look so stylish as
you ought," Captain Flagg acknowledged,
after Tad had effected the required
change, "but sailors go in for comfort,
more'n style," with which assurance
Tad—conscious that he looked rather
funny, to say the least—was fain to be
comforted. Indeed, the most that
troubled him was the fear that Miss
Polly might possibly laugh when he
ventured on deck. But, though Polly
had been brought up in the country,
she had too much natural politeness to
laugh; yet it must be confessed that the
depths of the deep sun-bonnet hid a
dimple or two, as Tad would have
ward, wondering what the matter
could be with the water to make the
vessel tumble about so.

CHAPTER V.
Darker and darker grew the night,
the wind sounded more and more
dreary, the vessel tossed about in what
seemed to Tad a terribly dangerous
manner, while he began to feel an un-
pleasant nausea, which recalled his
first and last experience in trying to
smoke a five-cent cigar.

"I wonder if I ain't going to be sea-
sick," thought Tad, with a terrible
sinking sensation in the neighborhood
of his stomach. "It was fortunate that
none of the far-away dots of red and
green, which represented the lights of
distant ships, came very near the track
of the 'Mary J.' for the unfortunate
lookout very soon became insensible to
everything but his own sufferings.

When Eph came forward to strike
the bell, poor Tad was whooping over
the rail, in all the agonies of sea-sick-
ness, which was not made a particle
less painful by Eph's assertion that it
wasn't nothing, he'd soon get over it.
Meanwhile—

"The storm grew loud and
the water wrath was shrieking."

And as Captain Flagg glanced at the
compass and the sky, he expressed a
wish that he'd "come to anchor in the
low bay, and hung on till morning."

But wishing availed nothing, now that
the "Mary J." was well out to sea,
with the March wind blowing half a
gale offshore. And as the next best
thing to being ashore was laying the
schooner to, the Captain shouted as a
preliminary warning:

"All hands! short a sail!"

"All hands!" came tumbling aft—that
is, Eph and G. Washington Jones did.
Tad himself was already there, having

on the quarter-deck, too, his heavy
gun-boots seeming to appear in half a
dozen places simultaneously, as he
pulled, and hauled, and shouted, in the
ensuing operation of reefing, while
Polly, enwrapped as to her slim form
in a sort of feminine storm-coat of
water-proof cloth, which buttoned
tightly about her, and an oil-skin hat
fastened under her plump chin, stood
holding the wheel, in obedience to her
father's cheery commands.

All that took place was to Tad's be-
wildered mind a terrible complicated
experience. He knew that while the
"Mary J." was pitching and tossing
and rolling in all sorts of ways, the
sails were lowered part way down the
mast, where they hung, banging and
slatting in a most exasperating man-
ner. And he was dimly conscious of
seeing Eph's long legs astride the
boom-end, waving hither and thither,
as he tugged at a rope, while Captain
Flagg and George Washington per-
formed the most unheard-of prodigies
of seamanship, as despite the strug-
gling and bellying of the stiff canvas,
they contrived to tie it down to the
boom, so that when the sails were
hoisted up again, they were not nearly
as large as before.

And then waxing bold, the gallant
old sea-dog, Captain Jethro Flagg, de-
clared that, instead of lying till to-
morrow, he would—to use his own
nautical expression—"keep her jog-
ging to the north and east'ard."

So all through that eventful night
the "Mary J." pursued her billowy
course, while poor Tad, in a sadly de-
moralized state of mind and body, lay
nestled in the coil of rope Eph men-
tioned, feeling, even in his deathly
sickness, oh, so ashamed that Polly, a
girl, not quite as old as himself, should
show such courage, while he, a lubber-
ly boy, couldn't even offer to do the
least thing to keep the vessel from
going straight to the bottom of the sea.
But I, myself, don't think there was
any thing very strange in the matter.
It was Tad's first experience, and sea-
sickness, like conscience, makes cow-
ards of us all. The Atlantic Ocean is a
terrible fellow to take the courage
out of a landsman, when it gets on a
sort of rampage, and I don't wonder
that the asthetic Mr. Oscar Wilde, with
his fastidious tastes, should shudder-
ingly declare that he was disappointed
with it. But I believe that, in spite of
this severe criticism, the Atlantic goes
right on roaring and dashing, and
swallowing up ships, and making peo-
ple seasick, just as it has been doing
for ever so long.

Tad couldn't be persuaded to go be-
low. He thought that when the vessel
did come to go down, he would perhaps
stand a better chance on deck—though,
it is true, he couldn't swim a stroke.
And as he lay there all night long till
sunrise, his sickness began to abate a
little, as did also the stiff westerly
breeze which, coming further from the
south, gave the "Mary J." a perfectly
fair wind for her home-bound passage.

They were all so kind, when, quite
dizzy and weak, Tad managed to stagger
to his feet, like a boy thrust out by
the warm rays of the morning sun,
which dried up the wet deck, and made
the waves of the great blue sea all
about them sparkle with gladness.
George Washington got him some hot
coffee, and said he was glad to see
him "rondollescent." Captain Flagg,
who looked quite fresh and hearty in
spite of having been up all night,
smiled broadly, telling Tad that he'd
got over the worst of it, and would be
able to get his sea-legs on in a jiffy.
Eph grinned at him over the top of
the wheel, and proffered the use of his
jack-knife, if he (Tad) wanted to whittle.
Polly glanced at him demurely, and
Bounce lapped the ends of Tad's
extended fingers. On the whole, Tad
didn't feel nearly as badly regarding
his humiliation as he had expected to;
but all his bright visions
of the pleasures of seafaring life
had been swallowed up in the darkness
and terror of the night before. He was
not intended by nature for a sailor, and
now Tad's greatest desire was to set his
foot on dry land again. I know that, in
contrast with the average boy of juvenile
fiction, this sounds tremendously
unheroic; but I can't help it; there are
"born sailors" and born landsmen, and
Tad was one of the latter. On the next
morning, however, and things he finds them
in real life. Yet as Tad began to feel
better, there was much to wonder at
and admire all about him. Far away
on the port hand was the distant coast-
line, dotted here and there by the white
shaft of a light-house. To starboard,
the ocean rolled on and on, till his
waters washed the very rim of the
great arching dome of blue which came
down to meet it. On every side were
the sails of passing vessels, and beau-
tiful beyond compare was the sight of
a handsome ship, with all drawing sail
set, standing in for Boston Light, head-
ing almost directly for the schooner.
On she came, with her yards braced
sharp against the back-stays, throwing
the sparkling foam from the cutwater
in great swaths, that swept along her
glassy sides and formed a creamy track
astern. As the stranger was passing so
near, Captain Flagg hailed her
through an immense speaking trumpet.
"What ship's that, and where from?"

"Ship 'Sodoo,' a hundred and thirty
days from Calcutta—what vessel's
that?" bellowed back the Captain, who
was standing by the weather mizen
rigging, with his hand on a backstay.

"Schooner 'Mary J.' of Bixport;
twenty-seven hours out of Boston,"
bawled Captain Flagg, with a gracious
wave of the hand; and Tad, who had
listened to these nautical queries and
replies with great marveling, wondered
what made the Captain of the ship
double himself up, like a man with a
sudden attack of colic, or like a person
in agony of laughter, as the great
vessel went plunging onward toward
her destination.

"Then that goes down to the sea in
ships has cur'us experiences, Thaddeus,"
said Captain Flagg, laying down his
big trumpet with an impressive nod
of the head.

With a vivid recollection of his own
experience of the previous night, Tad
replied emphatically that he had no
doubt of it.

"When you come to be a sailor,
Thaddeus, and may be, a ship-master,
like myself," pursued the Captain,

feeling mechanically in his pockets for
his pipe—which he discovered, a mo-
ment later, to be on the deck, in pos-
session of Bounce, who was gravely
dragging it away to the immeasurable
delight of Polly—"an' you've gone
through the 'responsibilities, an'
dangers, an' typhoons—an'—things
gen'ly," he rather hazily concluded,
as he recovered his pipe from Bounce,
"you'll realize that what Solomon says
about truth being stranger'n fiction is
just about as he's put it."

"But I—I—don't think I want to be
a sailor," faltered Tad, with downcast
eyes.

"What—not want to be a sailor
bold, and plow the ragin' main," ex-
claimed the Captain with a look of un-
utterable amazement.

"No, sir," faintly replied Tad. And
as he thus spoke, he hung his head so
far one side that the big fur cap fell
off, and was immediately seized by
Bounce, who began to worry it, evi-
dently regarding it as some new pec-
ies of the feline race, until, in the
fervor of his attack, he fell into it bodily,
and gave vent to small yelps, ex-
pressive of extreme fear.

It was some time before the Captain
recovered from the shock occasioned
by Tad's reply. That a likely boy
should prefer a prosaic existence
ashore, who had once tasted the pleas-
urable excitement of "a life on the
ocean wave," passed his simple com-
prehension. But gradually yielding to
Polly's artful arguments, Captain
Flagg's brow began to clear.

"All right, my lad," he said, quite
cheerfully. "I own I was a little
aback, but, seeing you don't take
nearly to sailorin', there's no pres-
surgangs nowadays to force you into
goin' against your will. Only," re-
marked Captain Flagg, tilting back his
oil-skin hat, and scratching his head
reflectively, "I don't just know what
to do with you, now you've changed
your mind."

"I know!" suddenly exclaimed
Polly, clapping her hands.

"Well?" asked her father, interroga-
tively.

"We'll find him a chance on a farm
when we get to Bixport," returned
Polly confidently. "I could like farm-
in'—wouldn't you, Tad?"

Tad nodded with growing enthusi-
asm. He knew that farming had some-
thing to do with new milk and fresh
butter and driving horses. Whatever
it was, it would be far preferable to
going to sea. And so it was pretty de-
cidedly settled that Tad should be a
farmer, provided he was able, through
the Captain's influence, to find a situa-
tion.

When Tad came on deck at sunrise
the following morning, sleepily rubbing
his eyes, he rubbed them still harder,
and, moreover, gave him a sly
glance to make sure that he was fully
awake as he saw the strange transfor-
mation that had taken place in his sur-
roundings of the previous night.

For in place of the far-reaching
sea, green fields, alternating with
forests of oak or pine, sloped down on
either hand to the level of a broad river,
or as smooth and clear as glass on
which upon moving tide the "Mary J."
was slowly drifting.

"Wh-y," exclaimed Tad, staring
about him in glad surprise, "where is
this, anyway?"

"This is 'down East,' Tad," laughed
Polly, enjoying his look of perplexity.

on the quarter-deck, too, his heavy
gun-boots seeming to appear in half a
dozen places simultaneously, as he
pulled, and hauled, and shouted, in the
ensuing operation of reefing, while
Polly, enwrapped as to her slim form
in a sort of feminine storm-coat of
water-proof cloth, which buttoned
tightly about her, and an oil-skin hat
fastened under her plump chin, stood
holding the wheel, in obedience to her
father's cheery commands.

All that took place was to Tad's be-
wildered mind a terrible complicated
experience. He knew that while the
"Mary J." was pitching and tossing
and rolling in all sorts of ways, the
sails were lowered part way down the
mast, where they hung, banging and
slatting in a most exasperating man-
ner. And he was dimly conscious of
seeing Eph's long legs astride the
boom-end, waving hither and thither,
as he tugged at a rope, while Captain
Flagg and George Washington per-
formed the most unheard-of prodigies
of seamanship, as despite the strug-
gling and bellying of the stiff canvas,
they contrived to tie it down to the
boom, so that when the sails were
hoisted up again, they were not nearly
as large as before.

And then waxing bold, the gallant
old sea-dog, Captain Jethro Flagg, de-
clared that, instead of lying till to-
morrow, he would—to use his own
nautical expression—"keep her jog-
ging to the north and east'ard."

So all through that eventful night
the "Mary J." pursued her billowy
course, while poor Tad, in a sadly de-
moralized state of mind and body, lay
nestled in the coil of rope Eph men-
tioned, feeling, even in his deathly
sickness, oh, so ashamed that Polly, a
girl, not quite as old as himself, should
show such courage, while he, a lubber-
ly boy, couldn't even offer to do the
least thing to keep the vessel from
going straight to the bottom of the sea.
But I, myself, don't think there was
any thing very strange in the matter.
It was Tad's first experience, and sea-
sickness, like conscience, makes cow-
ards of us all. The Atlantic Ocean is a
terrible fellow to take the courage
out of a landsman, when it gets on a
sort of rampage, and I don't wonder
that the asthetic Mr. Oscar Wilde, with
his fastidious tastes, should shudder-
ingly declare that he was disappointed
with it. But I believe that, in spite of
this severe criticism, the Atlantic goes
right on roaring and dashing, and
swallowing up ships, and making peo-
ple seasick, just as it has been doing
for ever so long.

Tad couldn't be persuaded to go be-
low. He thought that when the vessel
did come to go down, he would perhaps
stand a better chance on deck—though,
it is true, he couldn't swim a stroke.
And as he lay there all night long till
sunrise, his sickness began to abate a
little, as did also the stiff westerly
breeze which, coming further from the
south, gave the "Mary J." a perfectly
fair wind for her home-bound passage.

They were all so kind, when, quite
dizzy and weak, Tad managed to stagger
to his feet, like a boy thrust out by
the warm rays of the morning sun,
which dried up the wet deck, and made
the waves of the great blue sea all
about them sparkle with gladness.
George Washington got him some hot
coffee, and said he was glad to see
him "rondollescent." Captain Flagg,
who looked quite fresh and hearty in
spite of having been up all night,
smiled broadly, telling Tad that he'd
got over the worst of it, and would be
able to get his sea-legs on in a jiffy.
Eph grinned at him over the top of
the wheel, and proffered the use of his
jack-knife, if he (Tad) wanted to whittle.
Polly glanced at him demurely, and
Bounce lapped the ends of Tad's
extended fingers. On the whole, Tad
didn't feel nearly as badly regarding
his humiliation as he had expected to;
but all his bright visions
of the pleasures of seafaring life
had been swallowed up in the darkness
and terror of the night before. He was
not intended by nature for a sailor, and
now Tad's greatest desire was to set his
foot on dry land again. I know that, in
contrast with the average boy of juvenile
fiction, this sounds tremendously
unheroic; but I can't help it; there are
"born sailors" and born landsmen, and
Tad was one of the latter. On the next
morning, however, and things he finds them
in real life. Yet as Tad began to feel
better, there was much to wonder at
and admire all about him. Far away
on the port hand was the distant coast-
line, dotted here and there by the white
shaft of a light-house. To starboard,
the ocean rolled on and on, till his
waters washed the very rim of the
great arching dome of blue which came
down to meet it. On every side were
the sails of passing vessels, and beau-
tiful beyond compare was the sight of
a handsome ship, with all drawing sail
set, standing in for Boston Light, head-
ing almost directly for the schooner.
On she came, with her yards braced
sharp against the back-stays, throwing
the sparkling foam from the cutwater
in great swaths, that swept along her
glassy sides and formed a creamy track
astern. As the stranger was passing so
near, Captain Flagg hailed her
through an immense speaking trumpet.
"What ship's that, and where from?"

"Ship 'Sodoo,' a hundred and thirty
days from Calcutta—what vessel's
that?" bellowed back the Captain, who
was standing by the weather mizen
rigging, with his hand on a backstay.

"Schooner 'Mary J.' of Bixport;
twenty-seven hours out of Boston,"
bawled Captain Flagg, with a gracious
wave of the hand; and Tad, who had
listened to these nautical queries and
replies with great marveling, wondered
what made the Captain of the ship
double himself up, like a man with a
sudden attack of colic, or like a person
in agony of laughter, as the great
vessel went plunging onward toward
her destination.

"Then that goes down to the sea in
ships has cur'us experiences, Thaddeus,"
said Captain Flagg, laying down his
big trumpet with an impressive nod
of the head.

With a vivid recollection of his own
experience of the previous night, Tad
replied emphatically that he had no
doubt of it.

"When you come to be a sailor,
Thaddeus, and may be, a ship-master,
like myself," pursued the Captain,

feeling mechanically in his pockets for
his pipe—which he discovered, a mo-
ment later, to be on the deck, in pos-
session of Bounce, who was gravely
dragging it away to the immeasurable
delight of Polly—"an' you've gone
through the 'responsibilities, an'
dangers, an' typhoons—an'—things
gen'ly," he rather hazily concluded,
as he recovered his pipe from Bounce,
"you'll realize that what Solomon says
about truth being stranger'n fiction is
just about as he's put it."

"But I—I—don't think I want to be
a sailor," faltered Tad, with downcast
eyes.

"What—not want to be a sailor
bold, and plow the ragin' main," ex-
claimed the Captain with a look of un-
utterable amazement.

"No, sir," faintly replied Tad. And
as he thus spoke, he hung his head so
far one side that the big fur cap fell
off, and was immediately seized by
Bounce, who began to worry it, evi-
dently regarding it as some new pec-
ies of the feline race, until, in the
fervor of his attack, he fell into it bodily,
and gave vent to small yelps, ex-
pressive of extreme fear.

It was some time before the Captain
recovered from the shock occasioned
by Tad's reply. That a likely boy
should prefer a prosaic existence
ashore, who had once tasted the pleas-
urable excitement of "a life on the
ocean wave," passed his simple com-
prehension. But gradually yielding to
Polly's artful arguments, Captain
Flagg's brow began to clear.

"All right, my lad," he said, quite
cheerfully. "I own I was a little
aback, but, seeing you don't take
nearly to sailorin', there's no pres-
surgangs nowadays to force you into
goin' against your will. Only," re-
marked Captain Flagg, tilting back his
oil-skin hat, and scratching his head
reflectively, "I don't just know what
to do with you, now you've changed
your mind."

"I know!" suddenly exclaimed
Polly, clapping her hands.

"Well?" asked her father, interroga-
tively.

"We'll find him a chance on a farm
when we get to Bixport," returned
Polly confidently. "I could like farm-
in'—wouldn't you, Tad?"

Tad nodded with growing enthusi-
asm. He knew that farming had some-
thing to do with new milk and fresh
butter and driving horses. Whatever
it was, it would be far preferable to
going to sea. And so it was pretty de-
cidedly settled that Tad should be a
farmer, provided he was able, through
the Captain's influence, to find a situa-
tion.

When Tad came on deck at sunrise
the following morning, sleepily rubbing
his eyes, he rubbed them still harder,
and, moreover, gave him a sly
glance to make sure that he was fully
awake as he saw the strange transfor-
mation that had taken place in his sur-
roundings of the previous night.

For in place of the far-reaching
sea, green fields, alternating with
forests of oak or pine, sloped down on
either hand to the level of a broad river,
or as smooth and clear as glass on
which upon moving tide the "Mary J."
was slowly drifting.

"Wh-y," exclaimed Tad, staring
about him in glad surprise, "where is
this, anyway?"

"This is 'down East,' Tad," laughed
Polly, enjoying his look of perplexity.

"I know!" suddenly exclaimed
Polly, clapping her hands.

"Well?" asked her father, interroga-
tively.

"We'll find him a chance on a farm
when we get to Bixport," returned
Polly confidently. "I could like farm-
in'—wouldn't you, Tad?"

Now Is Your Chance

TO BUY
CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE JOHN T. WRIGHT STOCK

NOW BEING SOLD
At a Fearful Sacrifice!

Notwithstanding the immense rush of trade we have had since we commenced this
great sale, the stock is still complete and we still show the most varied assortment of
Cutaway and Sack Suits, Coats and Vests and odd Pants for men, also the most ele-
gant line of Boys' and Children's Suits, etc., ever shown in Hopkinsville. The Public
knows when Bargains are offered and show their appreciation by crowding the house
and laying in their supplies. Remember we recognize

NO COMPETITION

In this great sale, as no house can or will begin to offer goods at our prices. This
stock must be sold, so embrace the opportunity and call at once, while the assortment
is large and you can find what you want. We are still offering

OVERCOATS

At prices which do not represent the cost of material. Come and buy one for next
winter it will pay you.

Late Stand of John T. Wright, Dec'd.,
GLASS' CORNER.

Thorough Business Education.
BRYANT THE LOUISVILLE
STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

Cor. Third and Jefferson Sts., Louisville, Ky.
Entrance No. 406 Third St.
BOOK-KEEPING, BANKING, PENMANSHIP,
SHORT-HAND, TELEGRAPHY, AND ENGLISH TRAINING.

For Catalogue Address College as Above.
WELL PAID EMPLOYMENT

Can always be secured by a competent SHORTHAND WRITER.
You may become this in a few months, at very little expense, by either coming to us, or get-
ting our instructions to come to you.

WE CAN TEACH YOU BY MAIL.
Send for large, illustrated Catalogue to
H. A. HALE, Principal,
Shorthand Institute, Louisville, Kentucky.
We can also teach you Book-keeping and Penmanship by mail.

Sherwood House.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
BISSELL & TOWNSEND, Prop's.

First & Locust Streets, EVANSVILLE, IND.
RATES, \$2 PER DAY.
CONVENIENT SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

WALNUT STREET HOUSE!
COL. E. J. BLOUNT, Late of Columbus, O., Manager.
BETWEEN SIXTH AND SEVENTH STS.

FIRST-CLASS IN ALL APPOINTMENTS,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
POPULAR PRICE \$2.00 PER DAY

H. R. PROCTOR, Proprietor.
One of the Best Fitted and Most Conveniently Located Hotels in the City.
June 1-17.

Clarksville :- Planing :- Mill,
SMITH, CLARK & CO., Prop's.

Contractors and Builders
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Doors, Sash, Blinds, Flooring, &c.,
Clarksville, - - Tenn.

STANDARD STOVE HOUSE!
I NOW HAVE ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF
Cook & Heating Stoves, Tinware,

